

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

[No. 9.—Vol. XXII.] SEPTEMBER, 1878. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.]

CURRENT NOTES.

FOR children there is absolutely no morality except example, either narrated or seen.

PEOPLE who are always fishing for compliments, do not need very long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

No scientific study of the phenomena which imply a reign of law could ever have issued in the discovery of the kingdom of God; but neither can it issue in any discovery that contradicts that kingdom.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty; a staff when you are weary; a screen when the sun burns you, and a pillow in death.

If a man be visited with a providential reverse of circumstances; if he be under oppression; if he be arrested by disease; if the delight of his eyes be taken away; if he thinks I hear God saying, "Take this medicine; it is exactly suited to your case; weighed out by my own hand; take this medicine from me."

THE gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. All great developments complete themselves in the world and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, and announcing themselves not at all. We must be sensitive and sensible, if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. That is our part.

It was the saying of a man who recently died, "Nothing endures but character." He verified his own maxim. Men with twice his wealth and influence have died, and the sole public record of them would be an abstract of their will, that their fellow citizens might know where such and such properties would belong in future. But when this man died the whole city stood at his grave as a mourner. It was the simple abiding quality of goodness that commanded its homage.

KEEP the conditions right and God will take care of the rest.

DISCONTENT is a vital element of civilisation; without it there would be no progress.

MEMORY is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving; even our first parents could not be driven out of it.

You cannot be buried in obscurity; you are exposed to the view of the world. If your actions are upright and benevolent, be sure they will augment your power and happiness.

In the intercourse of social life it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are for ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, affection is won and preserved.

GENUINE neighbourly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the sun, which does not ask on what it shall shine, or what it shall warm; but shines and warms by the very laws of its own being. So there is nothing hidden from light and heat.

REPETITION is the mother not only of study, but also of education. Like the frescoe-painter, the teacher lays colours on the wet plaster which ever fade away, and which he must ever renew until they remain and brightly shine. As farmers believe it most advantageous to sow in mist, so the first seeds of education should fall in the first and thickest mist of life.

RELIGION, that messenger of heaven, dwells not in cells or cloister, but goes forth among men, not to frown on their happiness, but to do them good. She encourages the innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of sincerity on the venerable front of age; she is found, too, at the bedside of the sick and at the house of mourning, pointing to the "house not made with hands;" she will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY CHARLES CUTTERFIELD.

"Since it is always expedient to do right, it is well to study expediency."

Two men stood by the sea, and looked over the deep.

"It is a bit of wood floating with the tide, I think."

"It has a singular look," observed the other, "perhaps some human being clings to the wood."

The tide was coming in, and the object neared the land. As yet, however, it was far distant on the blue expanse of waters. A dark object, a mere speck upon the great bosom of ocean had attracted their attention, and they rested from their labours, to watch its approach.

The two men were brothers, one many years the senior of the other. The elder had mingled somewhat with the world; the younger had grown to maturity in the quiet retirement of the country where they stood. Upon the death of their father, they had succeeded to his estate, and, though differing materially in their principles of action, lived very harmoniously together.

The younger, by virtue of the surroundings which had encompassed him from a child, had imbibed a firm faith in principle. He only asked of a given course if it was *right*. The elder believed in expediency and acted throughout upon his conviction of what was best for himself and those in whom he had an interest. Many were the good-natured arguments that the two brothers held, for both were kind at heart, and they lived in peace, jointly cultivating the land which their father had left them.

"You will carry your principles into practice," said the elder, "and, since you imagine a human being to be on the log of wood yonder, no doubt you will leave your work, and take a voyage upon the ocean."

The tide was nearly at the flood, and the object in the distance would soon cease to move. It was already evident to the lookers-on that it would never come to land without assistance. It would come a little nearer, stand still for a season, and then drift to sea upon the receding waters.

"I have been debating the matter," answered the younger, "and I think the *possibility* of there being a human being in danger is sufficient to demand that I go to the rescue. It is better that I lose my journey a thousand times, than sacrifice a single human life by neglect."

"It is expedient, doubtless, to be humane," replied the other, "and, though I have no faith in your supposition, if you go, I shall accompany you."

"I am glad that occasionally you see expediency where I see right. We will then go at once, and together."

The morning sun was strewing its millions of diamonds on the rippling sea, when the brothers unmoored their boat, and pulled for the dark object in the distance.

"They must have been long at sea," said the elder, when they came near enough to determine with certainty that human beings formed a part of the dark object. "There has been no storm since the blow of two weeks ago that could have caused a wreck."

"Very likely they are in a suffering condition," replied the younger. "We are none too soon. Is there more than one, or cannot you tell?"

"I see but one as yet, though there may be a child; I see something that looks like it."

A few more strokes of the oars, and the occupants of the raft were distinctly visible. A man lay stretched at full length on the flat surface, and, hanging over his breast, a little child drooped its head, as though asleep.

"Poor little thing," said the younger, as he drove the boat against the raft, and took the child in his arms, "she has cried till she has no more tears to shed."

The little child wound its arms around the neck of the kind-hearted man, and nestled close to his breast, as if to get warmth from his body. Its little hands were almost icy cold, and it laid its cheek close to the cheek of the man, but uttered no cry, shed no tear.

"Poor little one," he said, caressingly, nestling her closer to his breast, and wrapping his coat around her body.

"The man has just breathed his

last," observed the elder. "There is yet warmth in his breast, but no beating of the heart."

"They have had a long, cheerless ride; and he has given his life, perhaps, to preserve the life of his child. Let us make haste, or the child may die of hunger."

Around the neck of the child was clasped a tiny gold locket, with the sweet face of a woman inside.

"The original is at the bottom of the sea, doubtless," said the elder brother. "Strange world, that brings a child to the light, and then takes away its protectors. It is well that the public is generous enough to provide for such little foundlings as this."

"The public shall never provide for her," said the younger. "Providence gave her to our hands, as much as though she had been born in the house. We must care for her as though she were our own."

"I honour your generosity," observed the elder, with the good nature which was a part of his being, "but I can see many reasons for not joining with you in your plan. She will be an element of discord among the other children."

"My mind is made up. I cannot see her thrown upon the town."

"Then you must suffer the consequences. Already you are embarrassed in financial matters, while I have a large amount of bank stock. I shall be sorry to see you sinking with your principles, though I have no objection to rising with mine. If you will persist in doing right, as you call it, at the expense of your prosperity, I shall regret it. But I warn you in time."

They christened the little foundling Mabel, and, so far from proving an element of discord, as had been predicted, she became the pet of the household, the elder brother becoming as sincerely attached as the younger. She had very large spiritual eyes, and a heart so full of love that she won her way to the affection of all whom she reached. Sometimes she was very quiet for hours together, as if thinking thoughts above her years; at other times, gay as the lark which sang in the meadows.

One summer Mabel was sick. Week after week she lay moaning upon her bed, till months had passed. He watched over her with the tenderest solicitude, and his warm-hearted wife was as devoted to the little sufferer as though she had been its mother. But though they could give kindness, when the doctor's bill was presented, they had no way to meet it.

"I am sorry to see you persevere in a course which will inevitably be your ruin," said the elder brother, one Sabbath evening. "You cannot help but see now that you made a mistake. Is it not a *duty*—since you will be governed by no other motive—to provide always for your own children first?"

The younger brother was thoughtful. He began to be troubled at the prospect before him.

"Perhaps I am wrong," he said, after a pause, "but I can do no other way than the way I am doing. I ought to provide for my own children, but I ought also to provide for this little motherless child. Mabel," he said, speaking to the orphan, who at that moment came tripping into the room. She came and climbed into his arms. "Do you love me, Mabel?"

"O, ever so much," and she pressed her tiny arms round his neck.

"Do you want to leave papa, and go way, way off?"

He had never spoken so before, and there was a certain sadness in his tone that went to the heart of the child. Perhaps she had some intuitive feeling that she did not belong there. She looked into his eyes with her childish sincerity, and the tears started over her cheeks. He took her very lovingly in his arms, and walked out of the room. That was his only answer to the argument of his brother.

The years, as they passed on, wrought many changes. The elder brother, by adhering strictly to his course, was moulded somewhat by the principle of expediency (if it may be called a principle), and grew less careful of the interests of the younger. He sympathised less with his misfortunes. As he grew old, his heart changed for the worse. And the younger kept steadily on his

way, though now his life was a constant struggle with poverty.

"I shall make a last effort in your behalf," said the elder one day, "and I hope to deliver you from the condition into which you have needlessly fallen. I have purchased claims against you, in order to save you from total ruin. My claim, were I to enforce payment, would take all that you have in the world. There is a chance now to invest."

"But I have nothing to invest," said the younger.

"Very true—you have nothing to invest, but I will advance the money and take your notes."

"I am obliged to you, but I know nothing of this investment of which you speak, and prefer to trust Providence for better times soon. I am entirely in your hands, but if you will bear with me another year, I will make a strong effort to advance a little. As I have nothing of my own to invest, I will invest nothing."

All those little annoyances which trouble one when a former equal assumes superiority on the ground of greater possessions now began to trouble the younger brother and his family. The elder moved into a new house, more in keeping with his means. His children moved in a different circle, he hired a man to take his place with his brother in the field, the visits became less frequent. One was poor, and the other rich—one of the richest men of the town.

The year passed away, and the hopes of the younger were more than realised. He paid all the interest.

Another year brought him equal favour. Prices ruled higher, and the crops were good. Slowly he was regaining his former position. His family continued to enjoy good health, and he hoped soon to be independent again.

And yet, all through the seeming prosperity of these years, there was a storm advancing. Expediency was preparing to drive home its bolt.

* * * * *

"I have lost all," said the elder, as the two brothers stood together again by the seashore. "I invested all that I had, and borrowed to invest, and now the stock is worthless."

"Don't let it overwhelm you, my brother," said the younger, encouragingly. "Come back to the old farm, and we shall be happy together yet."

And so the new house was given up and the brothers were once more together under the same old familiar roof. One was melancholy, and both were sad. The years which had been working changes for them had ripened the orphan into the thoughtful girl of sixteen summers. The sun had already set. Softly and gently stole the shades of twilight over the mountains, over the sea, and over the landscape around the house.

A gentleman walked along the road from the village, swung open the gate, and saluted the brothers.

"I called to see Mabel Brampton," said he. "She has been very diligent at study the past year, and has executed some paintings, which a gentleman wishes to purchase. He chooses hers from among all the rest, and says he must have them. I cannot, for the life of me, tell for what reason—I suspect it is a whim of his."

"An odd whim, I should say," said Mabel, appearing at the door. "Good evening, Mr. Danforth. This is my teacher at the academy, father."

"Can you walk to the village, Mabel? The gentleman wishes to see you. Perhaps your father can accompany you."

They went to the village in the twilight, and returned in the darkness of two hours later; but they returned cheerily, for the younger brother bore a valuable cheque, which the curious stranger had persisted in giving him for the paintings.

"She has paid me double," said the younger to the elder, after the others had retired, "double for all I have done. She has paid me in the wealth of a warm heart, and now she pays me in money. I am sure you will pardon me for rejoicing. I wish that you might join me, and act on a different principle in future. I have no reproaches, I have been as poor as you are now, and you were very kind to me. But I see more clearly than ever that if one acts on the principle of expediency, with no principle behind

to tell always what is expedient, that he will make a mistake, sooner or later, which will be ruinous. I must give you half this money."

"I do not deserve it; and I take it simply because I find it expedient to do so!"

They were sitting at dinner, when a carriage drove up to the door. A lady alighted, and was shown into the parlour. She was richly dressed, and carried something in her hands, which she placed against the wall before taking her seat.

"I wish to see the family," she said. The family entered the parlour, gazing possibly at the stranger in a way to reflect upon their good breeding. Where had they seen that face before? Why did it look so familiar? It was not so very remarkable that they sought her face again and again.

The stranger herself fixed her eyes upon the features of Mabel, and never removed them. Long and intently did she study that countenance. Then she arose, and pressed her fondly to her bosom.

It was a strange scene. Mabel felt instinctively drawn toward her, and submitted to her caresses; even returned them. And yet all was shadowed in mystery. No one knew precisely where she belonged. The brothers saw something familiar in the face of the lady, but there was nothing definite.

She spoke at last, holding both Mabel's hands, and looking into her face.

"Did you paint that picture?" and she glanced at the painting she had herself placed against the wall but a few minutes before.

"I shall have to confess it."

"Who sat for it?"

"I painted it from a miniature."

"Will you show me the miniature?"

"Mabel unclasped a neat gold chain, unwound it from her neck, and handed the locket to the strange lady. She opened the locket, and looked at the face within.

"My child! my child! O, my child is alive—found!"

"If this is your daughter—tell me, quick!" she said convulsively.

"She is not my daughter, though I

love her as such," spoke the younger brother. "We found her upon the sea when she was a child."

"Mine! mine!" and again she bent her head, and wound her arms around Mabel.

"I have cared for her, I love her, I cannot part with her."

"No, no, you shall not. Let no one be troubled in this, my great joy. She is an only child, and we thought she was drowned in that awful storm. It was twelve or thirteen years ago, and now I find her—God is good. That painting"—she pointed to the wall—"led me to my child. I noticed it only two days ago in a gallery, and ascertained where it was painted. I came in hope, fear, all on fire with suspense. I am not calm. I cannot talk. You must let me remain till I get more calm."

The next day the father came up from the city, and there was great joy in that old house under the trees.

"These notes I have brought to you," said her father to the younger brother one day, "as a payment in part for your kindness to my child. Take them, I can never pay you in full."

"Your child has paid me double for all my care," he said with emotion. "I can accept nothing for her. It would not be right."

"You will at least permit me to express my thankfulness in this manner."

He turned and was gone. There was a deep thankfulness and a deep joy in the home of the brothers that night—a joy that came bubbling up from the oasis of Right, like fresh waters from the oasis in Sahara.

The brothers lived happily together, each clinging to his theory to the last, though, to the credit of the elder, it must be said, that never after the lesson of the little foundling did he seek to carry his theory into practice.

"I believe in expediency as much as ever," he would say when the subject was broached, as broached it was, sometimes, unavoidably, "but I believe more than I did—that it is always expedient to do right."

That is the best kind of expediency, no doubt.

A SUMMER'S MORNING.

AWAKE from your slumbers,
 Your eyelids unclose,
 On soft downy pillows,
 No longer repose.
 The daystar is rising,
 Come travel with me,
 Over mountains and plains,
 To the shore of the sea.
 The day now is dawning,
 The stars fade away,
 And night with her vestments,
 So sombre and gray,
 "Has rolled up her curtains,
 She'd pinned with a star,"
 "And the gates of the morn,
 Stand sweetly ajar."
 The sun is God's pencil,
 With heavenly dyes,
 He painteth the mountains,
 The clouds and the skies,
 In gold and in purple,
 With every hue,
 That glows in the rainbow,
 Green, scarlet and blue.
 The Eastern horizon,
 With glory is crowned,
 No picture more lovely,
 On earth can be found.
 The earth clad in garments,
 Of beautiful green,
 Presents to our vision,
 The grace of a queen,
 The air, oh ! how fragrant,
 With odour of flowers,
 That bloom in rich splendour,
 Midst beautiful bowers ;
 The bird choir united,
 Their voices now raise,
 The forest make vocal,
 With anthems of praise,
 To God their creator,
 Their homage they pay,
 Who feeds and protects them,
 By night and by day.
 The beasts, birds, and fishes,
 Where'er they are found,
 E'en the little sparrow,
 That hops on the ground,
 Are fed and protected,
 And share in the love,
 Of God the great fountain
 Of goodness above.
 Shall man who is blessed
 With reasoning powers,
 Spend in sin and folly,
 Life's beautiful hours ?
 Let's reason together,
 Our Father hath said,
 Tho' your sins are many,
 Like scarlet are red,
 Leave the pathway of sin.
 That leadeth to woe,
 I'll make thy soiled garments,
 Look white as the snow.

Here's rest to the weary,
 Our Saviour hath said,
 For the thirsty here's water,
 For hunger here's bread.
 Tho' strayed into darkness
 My children you are,
 Return to your Father,
 Whose image you bear.
 Then peace like a river
 Shall gladden each soul,
 And joy that's immortal
 Shall fill all in all.

THE POETICAL FACULTY.

THE Poetical Faculty, which is perhaps a better expression than the love of poetry, since poetry is so often erroneously considered to mean *only* rhyme, is that power of perception and imagination which enables us to see the beautiful and spiritual side of things. Poetry really means "beautiful ideas dressed in beautiful words."

Occasionally people are heard to remark they see no use in poetry, prose would do as well, and they even seem to regard a love for it as a weakness to which they themselves are superior. Could they but know how great is their loss, how much they miss, surely such people would seek after and cultivate a faculty which illumines all life with a beauty and light they know nothing of !

And even if there were no actual and definite use, why should we make our life poor and barren by putting the beautiful out of it, by casting away and neglecting the loveliness which God has given ? It is as if a blind man, standing in a picture gallery and overhearing the admiring comments of his friends, smiled to himself at their delusions, and rejoiced that he saw nothing !

But poetry of soul not only brings enjoyment and brightens life, but ennobles and dignifies it also. Herein lies its grand and noble use, *i.e.*, in raising us from the petty minor details of life to the deep and holy meaning of all, and thus making the commonplace full of interest. It invests the commonest of lives with a halo, divining how much lies hidden beneath an uninviting exterior. Viewed in this light, no life can be without meaning and interest, since in each there are

longings and strivings, moments of aspiration and fallings away, heights of happiness after which the soul yearns, depths of anguish into which it sinks! Could we but read it, every life contains a story of thrilling interest!

And this thought teaches us to regard others with a sympathising eye, to feel for unspoken trials, and divine feelings that are never revealed in words. Each soul must fight the battle of life, and come out in glorious victory, or sink, crushed down by its foes! How much may be going on in the mind of another which would draw forth our tenderest pity, or our warmest admiration, did we *but* know! And yet to the careless eye there is nothing but the most ordinary commonplace existence; it is the poetical faculty which bids us penetrate the outer surface and seek what lies beneath, and divine that a common exterior or reserved manner hides a soul that is "strong to bear, to hope, to love."

"Angels look thus on men,
And God sees good in all."

Likewise every little child, rich or poor, lovely or unlovely, is regarded with a deep and tender interest; an innocent little spirit setting forth on its pilgrimage through a world of sin and sorrow! As the discovery of hidden lights in the grown-up human soul leads us to greater reverence, patience, and sympathy, will not this thought of the possibilities of the future make us tender of the child?

Shakespeare speaks of—

"The man that hath not music in himself,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds."

Did he not perhaps mean that, to be without the love of beauty, the perception of the divine argues a great moral want?

The poetical faculty, like all others, is capable of cultivation, and is possessed by many who would not call themselves imaginative, but it may be seen in their way of looking at life and nature. They do not read poetry because the taste is dormant within them, and waits to be drawn forth. A very little study and care would open

the gates of beauty more widely, wherein they might enter and find fresh fields of light, and ever-springing flowers of unfading loveliness.

"The poets do not change or die,
Their words are heralds with seraphic wings
That tell of those divine, mysterious things
For which our hurrying spirits faint and sigh."

MARY RIDSDALE.

A LESSON AT THE FURNACE.

IN the iron works of Cleveland there is a vast open-mouthed furnace, into which six tons of metal are thrown at once. The fires are lighted, and an immense fan, revolving 20,000 times a minute, projects a stream of air through the molten mass with terrific roar, while the flames with lurid glare issue from the top. At first the colour of the smoke is black, then indigo; and finally, when the experienced eye of the master sees the pure, white flame, he stops the blast and stays the heat. Then the metal is laid on a mighty anvil, and hammered by a weight of 150 lbs., by which the steel is hardened. As in the melting, so in the hardening, the master's knowledge of his business is all important. There is no needless expenditure of fire or force, no waste of blows, and no exposure to the blazing blast after the desired end is accomplished in process of purification and strengthening. Human life abounds in parallel experiences.

The elimination of earthly dross from, and the processes by which they are fitted to endure hardness by God's service, are not grateful to the flesh. The thought, however, that God's eye is kindly turned towards us when pain's furnace-heat burns within us, should temper the anguish and hush the complaint. The "need be" of every trial, and the assurance that its continuance is but for a moment compared with the glory to follow, should not only reconcile us to, but make us rejoice in tribulations, with the ejaculation of a victorious faith upon our lips, "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done."

A GIRL'S WISH.

"WHAT can I do? What can a young girl do to make our sinful world a little better? I am in a home of plenty, my father and mother do not need me particularly, I am so weary of this small way of living and of thinking. I read of heroes, and martyrs, and missionaries, and my soul is stirred to its deepest depths, to work as they worked, to live as they lived, making other lives better and more beautiful because of their influence and their work."

Thus mused Ella Bacon as she sat in her father's house one beautiful Sabbath afternoon, and watched the massive golden clouds at the going down of the sun. It was the close of a warm July day, and she had been to church that morning at Wilton, two miles away, and had listened to an impressive sermon from the text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The speaker was a returned missionary from South Africa. He had told them of his twenty years' work among that benighted people, of his earnest efforts to improve their condition, of the children he had gathered into schools, of the Christian natives who had embraced the glorious gospel of Christ, and were now gathered into churches, of the native preachers settled over these flocks, and finally of his own peace of mind, and the sweet assurance that God approved and blessed his work. He had said, "I only ask a few years more of health and strength that I may return to my blessed work, till the summons comes for me to lay aside my work-day dress and receive the robe of righteousness, and the crown that fadeth not away."

To Ella it seemed that an angel was speaking directly to her. The man was past middle life, his beard was white and long, his countenance was browned by tropical suns, yet shone with a holy light and zeal. It seemed to her girlish imagination that Moses and Elias must have had the same look when they came to the Mount of Transfiguration and comforted Christ about his suffering that he must shortly endure at Jerusalem. She wondered that any Christian could remain at home, at ease in Zion,

when there were the poor heathen to be instructed. If the gospel of Christ were such a blessing, why not extend the good news of salvation to all the inhabitants of the earth?

"I wish I could go to the farthest verge of our world," she mused, "if I could there make my poor life of any account. I used to have such bright visions of my future when I was a school-girl. Somehow I enjoy sleeping hours best of all; for then, in my dreams, I am instructing eager young souls in the ways of peace and of truth. I am then going about among the poor and the afflicted, and giving them help and comfort. I wonder if there be any truth in that theory laid down by Haven, in his mental philosophy, that our dreams are an indication of what we ought to be."

Ella's father was a wealthy manufacturer, and owned nearly all the little village where they lived. It was a place without a church, yet it boasted one hotel, where two-thirds of the young men were ruined before they were out of their teens. People called Mr. Bacon a hard man, and said that his goods had too much "shoddy" and worthless. Yet he paid his men promptly all that he promised to pay them, and even that is more than can be said of every mill owner. With that he fancied that his operatives ought to be contented.

The mother came of a good race, as she fancied; she belonged to an old family of wealth and position, and had been accustomed to the luxuries of life from her childhood. She intended her daughters to be strict models of womanhood, like herself. But Ella, notwithstanding all her instruction, had notions of her own, and was sometimes so odd as to think that she ought to exert herself for the good of those outside her own family. Daniel, the only son, gave them trouble. He was named after his maternal grandfather, but strange to tell, he did not resemble that gentleman at all. He was brought up too near the hotel, and early learned the habits of the loungers there.

With Ella, to resolve was to act, and that Sabbath evening, as she watched the going down of the sun, and the

silent folds of darkness that enveloped the earth, and the stars that come out so beautifully to deck the brow of evening, she fully made up her mind to be a foreign missionary.

The minister, Mr. Hastings, sat in his study the next morning in very good spirits. He finally began to think of a sermon for the next Sunday. Yes, he would write a sermon about home missionaries. He would have an encouraging word for those who could not climb lofty mountains, nor cross deep seas, and yet were real missionaries in their own quiet fields of labour.

Just then he heard the door-bell ring, and he was called down into the parlour to see Miss Ella Bacon. Imagine his surprise when she stated her errand!

"Are you prepared for the hardships of a missionary's life?" he asked. "For the debilitating effects of the climate, for poor health, and perhaps for an early grave? It is a sad thing for a young person to die far away from home."

"Yes, I have thought of it," she replied with a quick flush of earnestness. "My life is so useless here, and there, in the book that guides us all, are the words, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Also, 'He that will follow me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' I am ready for this self-renunciation. I wish to make my life of some benefit to others."

They shook hands and parted. Ella rode home with her heart full of her new thoughts of good to others. She felt strong now to tell her family of her intentions.

Mr. Bacon was half angry at first, as he listened to his daughter's plan. The idea of living for others, outside of his own family, had never entered into his busy brain. Those benighted, far away heathen, what did he care for them? Who knows if they have any souls? Perhaps Darwin is right, and if so, when does the race take in an immortal soul?

The mother was more gentle in her opposition, but she too regarded it as very queer. Queer that a descendant of her good old family should think of

such low people, that lived in huts, and were half naked, and never had any bringing up.

Sister Winnie said that was just like Ella, and she was not surprised at anything that she resolved to do.

Brother Dan declared her a *brick* when she wrote to him about it, and said he would give her missionary station a passing call when he became a sailor, and was voyaging round the world. He only wished that he was good enough to go with her.

"Poor Dan!" said Ella, as she laid down his letter, "he has more real sympathy for me than any of the others."

The preliminaries were arranged. Everything was ready for her departure from home. Dan was expected home to say good-bye to his sister; he had promised to come, but the last days passed and he did not appear. Wednesday night he was brought to his home terribly ill. He was in a high fever, and ordered every one away from him but Ella. She could manage him, from her hand he would take the medicine, but from no other. In his delirium he begged her not to leave him, declaring that she ought to be satisfied with one heathen on her hands, for no one else should come near him.

What could poor Ella do now? With many tears she wrote, "I cannot go this time. The steamer must go without me. My only brother is very ill, and my duty is here at present. I am sorely disappointed but cannot leave the post of duty."

Night and day she hung patiently over that sick bed while that frail young life was suspended in the balance. Two weeks passed thus, when the crisis came, and the doctor said that Dan would live. But then another bed was brought down from the chamber and placed in the library, for Ella was very ill. The care, the anxiety, the watching had been too much for her, and the fever raged fiercely in her feeble frame. She talked constantly of her work among the poor natives of Africa, and fancied herself there, and was in constant trouble about the difficulties of the language.

"Poor child!" said her mother. "I

see how her heart was given to this idea of a missionary life. If God spares her life I will never again oppose her wishes."

And so the days passed. The family went silently about the house, with unspoken prayers upon their lips; the watchers nodded in their chairs beside the bed, or peeped through the blinds to watch for the dawn. Slowly the invalid came back to life, wonderingly she asked the meaning of this stern discipline, this severe disappointment that had thwarted her fondest hopes. While upon that bed of illness she had obtained a clearer view of the importance of her home work.

Yes, and there, too, were the poor factory children, who worked in her father's mill, and had no one to care for them mentally, morally, or spiritually. She wondered that she had never thought of them before. Surely the Master loved them as well as he did the poor Africans, and certainly it was good missionary ground there, and she saw her work, and only waited for returning strength to commence it. There were many young girls of her own age toiling at the clattering looms, shut away from all opportunities for an education. Perhaps there might be some bright minds there whom she could assist. Surely it was no fault of theirs that they were born poor. She was sure that several of them were fond of music, for she had seen them linger about the yard of an evening when there was music upon the piano.

"Poor girls!" murmured Ella. "I will get acquainted with them, they shall tell me their hopes, and fears, and aspirations; and in helping others I will not mind if I have the lowest place. The dear Master washed the feet of poor Galilean peasants, just to leave us an example that even menial work for others is approved by him, when wrought for his sake.

When the spring returned, with its genial airs and lengthening days, Ella called at every house among the operatives of the mill. She went in the spirit of him who went about doing good, but only cheerful words came from her lips. The lowly people were surprised but pleased, and she, too, was

gratified to know that they all rejoiced at her recovery. At every place she told them that the next Sabbath she was to commence a Sabbath school at the hall over the school house, and invited the children to be present. They readily promised to come, and Ella went home encouraged for the future. The school commenced with Ella for superintendent and teacher to a large class of girls. Winnie finally consented to take a class of boys. They finally found teachers for the remaining classes, and the good work was fairly commenced. This school was the only Sabbath meeting in this factory village, and after a time the fathers and mothers came in, and the exercises were varied a little to interest them also. After the singing by the children, and prayer by the superintendent, she selected some passage of Scripture, and talked for fifteen or twenty minutes. In this way the old story of God's love was presented to them. And when they listened so eagerly to her words, and gave earnest heed to them by blameless lives, then she felt the sweet peace, the satisfaction that always comes with the consciousness of doing good. She became acquainted with every person in the little village, and found many opportunities of doing them good. She watched tenderly with the sick, often carrying them little delicacies from her own home. She instructed the children in music, and the sweet hymns she taught them took the place of oaths that formerly polluted their young lips. She even gave piano lessons to some of the girls who had musical ability, and the parents were so much gratified that many musical instruments were purchased for the children, by dint of industry and close economy. She was a comfort in her own home, and a blessing to all the neighbourhood. Death came into the family, and the father and mother both passed away. Her own griefs she buried deeply out of sight, that she might minister to the living. Wealth and its responsibilities now came to her, and she opened wide her hand to distribute to the poor and the destitute.

"Ah, Miss Ella! this is not Africa," said her pastor to her one day, as he

ent out from one of her Sabbath-school exhibitions. "Do you ever sigh now for those dusky children of the tropics?"

"No, O no! for God showed me that my work was here. I am now friend, teacher, preacher, and missionary, all in one, and to my own people. I would not exchange my work for any other in the world. I am very happy. I believe I have found a little heaven upon earth, or at least I have commenced my heaven here, by doing good to others."

"He that winneth souls is wise, and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever."—S. M. C. PERKINS.

THE BEST FRIEND.

HONOUR the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, and ploughed deep furrows in her cheeks, but isn't she sweetly beautiful still? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. It is true she sits waiting by the side of the grave; the sands of life have nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you, boy, than any other one upon the earth. You can never wander into a midnight in which she cannot see you; you can never enter a prison whose bars will keep her out. You can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it shall paint your faults so black that scarcely a redeeming virtue can be seen, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, where she will tell you of your virtues until you will almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. The best, most faithful of friends, love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

HINTS ABOUT FOOD.

HIGHLY concentrated food, having much nourishment in a small bulk, is not favourable to digestion, because it cannot be properly acted on by the muscular contractions of the stomach, and is not so minutely divided as to enable the gastric juice to act properly. This is the reason why a certain *bulk* of food is needful to good digestion, and why those people who live on whale oil and other highly nourishing food in cold climates, mix vegetables, and even saw-dust, with it to make it more acceptable and digestible; so in civilised lands fruits and vegetables are mixed with more highly concentrated nourishment. For this reason also, soups, jellies, and arrowroot should have bread or crackers mixed with them. This affords another reason why coarse bread of unbolted wheat so often proves beneficial.

In England, under the administration of William Pitt, for two years or more there was such a scarcity of wheat that, to make it hold out longer, Parliament passed a law that the army should have all their bread made of unbolted flour. The result was that the health of the soldiers improved so much as to be a subject of surprise to themselves, the officers, and physicians. These last came out publicly and declared that the soldiers were never before so robust and healthy; and that disease had nearly disappeared from the army. The civic physicians joined and pronounced it the healthiest bread, and for a time it was used almost exclusively. We thus see why children should not have cakes and candies allowed them between meals. Besides being largely carbonaceous, these are highly concentrated nourishments, and should be eaten with more bulky and less nourishing substances. The most indigestible of all kinds of food are fatty and oily substances, if heated. It is on this account that pie-crust and articles boiled or fried in fat or butter are deemed not as healthful as other food. The following, then, may be put down as the causes of a debilitated constitution from the misuse of food:—Eating too much, eating too often, eating too fast, eating food and condi-

ments that are too stimulating, eating food that is too warm or too cold, eating food that is highly concentrated without a proper admixture of less nourishing matter, and eating hot food that is difficult of digestion.

CHARITY.

BY HELEN WYNNDHAM.

It seems to me we do not properly estimate the value of charity and kindness toward our fellows. When a brother goes astray we seldom give him a helping hand, without also offering words meant, perhaps, for wise counsel, but often touched with so bitter reproof that the advice is lost upon the sore and bleeding spirit of the fallen. We are apt to think ourselves strong to resist all such temptations as those to which others yield, forgetting there are other ways to err, forgetting that God may see as much sin in our heart as in that of our neighbour. Pure and white and stainless as we may try to keep ourselves, relying on our own strength, there yet is no purity, no real goodness, while the mantle of charity covers not our spirit, while we follow not the precepts and example of Him who for our sakes meekly trod the earth. If we commune daily with our Father, if we follow Christ's teachings, we shall not be so willing to speak of faults in others, to repine and fret at crosses we must bear. O, how beautiful it is to have charity and kindly feeling toward all! We cannot know what snares lie hidden for our own unwary footsteps; and while we laugh and jeer at others, we, perchance, may fall. Then who will reach a helping hand? To whom can we look for aid? If we are not lenient to His children all about us, can we ask the great All-Just to be lenient to us in our difficulties? I fear we too often think we cannot err, that we may need no sympathy or help from others, else we should not be so unforgiving, so distrustful of our fellows. O, if we but follow the Golden Rule, we shall carry lighter hearts in our bosoms than if we censure readily every wrong look or act of our neighbour!

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

BY J. H. WOODBURY.

WHERE is the final abiding-place of man? Is it in the deep, dark, cold void of space—outside the realms of this little earth? Is it in any of the far-off orbs whose light comes scintillating through those dark depths till it falls, in the lapse of years, on us wanderers by night on our own terrestrial ball? Is it beyond all these, in the vast infinity that reaches beyond the thought of man, whence the luminous spark would be ages in wending its way hither? or is it indeed near at hand—within the atmosphere of our own mortal dwelling-place?

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

I believe those words are true, whether we interpret them literally or figuratively. And I believe that, taken in the last sense, the *key* to Heaven is in every man's soul; though he may live and die in ignorance of the fact. I believe that he can unlock the gates and enter in, through the glorious arch of Christ's promise—by the way which Christ has pointed out,—when he will. But through unconsciousness of the good things awaiting him, through an almost unaccountable apathy in regard to them, when pointed out, he fails to do it, and passes even to the very portals of the real life before he fully comprehends his possibilities. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Yes, the joys of eternal life can be tasted here on earth! Christ came to persuade men to that end; to inform them of the fact and to show them the way. Christ so loved the world that he would have all men come at once to the joys of eternal life. Endowed beyond all other men with God's divine attributes, for the special purpose of pleading with men and persuading them from their evil ways, saving them from the lamentable consequences of sin, he saw not as other men saw, he loved not as other men loved; for he saw all men as the children of God, and loved them all with more than the intensity of brotherly love. His great love for them led him, in the accomplishment of his

living purpose, to give himself a living sacrifice that thereby he might fully establish the sincerity of the teachings of his life; that such a halo of light should be cast over all that it could not be passed unnoticed by even the most travelling earth-worm that might chance to hear his name.

But there is a "Heaven above;" a home for immortal souls after they have come with these tenements of clay; a fair land beyond the river, that eye of man hath not yet seen. Is it far away?

I believe, too, that the Land Immortal is near. For why should it be far removed? God loves His children, and do not His children love those who remain behind, when they are called away? Would they go far hence if they could be permitted to linger near to the loved of earth?

Within the atmosphere that surrounds the earth is ample space for a spiritual world that should accommodate myriads of generations of men; and who shall say that the fair fields and celestial dwellings of Immortality are not even among the hills and valleys that we are now inhabiting?

The exclamations of the departing often give evidence that friends who have gone before are near at hand, waiting to receive and welcome them to the new home. Indeed, what possible reason have we to think that home can be far away?

Heaven is spoken of as being a place above us; but which way is above? Assuredly, above only relates to our own immediate surroundings. If we leave the world behind us, and go forth out of the atmosphere that surrounds it, we are left in space; there is no above, one way more than another; for going above from our own departing point, we go in a direction exactly opposite to him who goes above from a starting point on the opposite side of the globe, and each continuing his course, what would be the result? Where would Heaven be found?

It is evident the word Heaven admits of several interpretations, for we cannot for a moment suppose that God the Father, whom we adore as the author of all things, belongs to our

earth alone. We see plainly that the whole vast universe is controlled by one Mind.

Why should this belief, grand and inspiring as it is, restrict in any degree our theories of our own future dwelling-place? Why should it be thought a thing impossible that the souls of departed friends should remain very near to us—at times be even present with us? It is very pleasant, truly, to indulge in such imaginings, with the hope that they may be true. Until we *know* to the contrary, it is just as reasonable to believe it as to believe they are far away.

A NARROW SPHERE.

A WOMAN whose head and hands are filled with domestic cares, said the other day, "I think it has a contracting and narrowing influence, this staying in one place, trudging the same rounds, going over with the same labours day after day, and year after year." "Well, maybe it does," I said; "the mind cannot be more than full, and if necessarily filled with those things, how should there be room for what is called higher work, nobler living?"

If there is anything wrong in this common complaint, if we have not made for ourselves a narrow sphere by labour that is unnecessary and artificial, it may be found in the truth that we do not know ourselves and our needs, or are not satisfied with the foundation upon which we must build a life if we would have it both useful and beautiful. Physical needs are first, and if not rightly met must seriously hinder the next step in the onward life, and fling obstructions in all the ways which lead towards the development of our race. The material is not all, but it is the beginning. The kitchen is not all of the house, but the dining-room would be useless without it; the library useless without the dining-room, and the parlour cease to afford social pleasure.

I have known very many women whose social position was about halfway between the poor and the rich—the happiest place society has to offer

—who have always done their own work; finding it, as Miss Bremer writes of us, “very nice, but not always convenient,” yet accomplishing an amount of labour and of good almost beyond belief; and I dare deny that this sphere of domestic life is usually a narrow one.

Let me state one case of this “narrow life,” and it shall be no uncommon one: the wife of a professional man, with small income, is the mother of six children, all of whom have grown to mature years. The largest part of her life she has been nurse, laundress, cook, governess, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work in her family. She has helped her children in all their studies through the common and higher branches of learning, giving them even in Greek such assistance as they needed when out of the schools; nor did her labours cease here, but the sick and the poor received their share, and the claims of her husband and friends were in no wise neglected. She went the daily round over and over. But was this a narrow sphere? if so, may we never have a wide one! Those children, trained to be helpers in the family, have now gone out to be the world’s helpers, and their mother’s narrow sphere is stretching out into a measureless field. You will say that with talents such as this woman possessed she might have earned with the pen or on the platform as a lecturer, twice the amount necessary to have hired a competent housekeeper to do the household labour; possibly, just that, but the mother-love which like a golden thread ran through all that labour, the spirit of consecration which entered into the formation of the characters of those children, through her example daily witnessed—who may estimate the influence of all this?

I welcome my own sex and bid them “God speed” into any sphere they are able to fill, whether as preachers or physicians, or teachers or reformers of the nameless and numberless ills of social life. Many women have the ability and time to devote to a public life, and I do not doubt but women are as truly and divinely called to preach the gospel as their brothers have ever

been; but I wish to say for the encouragement and uplifting of those of my sisters who often feel with myself that we do so little in this large world because home so needs all our thought and labour, that we cannot even do a little for the Master whom we would follow—“go about doing good.” I wish to say for these that there never was, and never can be a wider, nobler, holier sphere for woman than her own home opens before her. Let us make the most of the family, we cannot do so much if the labour be of the right kind there is little danger of idolatry. God has set us in families to teach us the art of loving; love well cultivated is sure to increase and extend its holy power, and let us not hope to love our neighbour as ourselves until the family is one in purpose and spirit.

There is greatness, too, in continued labour; this of which we so often complain, this over and over, is just what is needed to make our life complete, not spasmodic efforts, even though they are great, but constant doing; ‘tis

“The daily round—the common task
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves.”

That is it, sacrifice, consecration, is the true glory of all labour, yea, of life itself; any good and necessary labour is made great and holy unto us through self-consecration. It is the loss which is gain, the losing of life which saves it. “O, could we learn this sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise;
How would our souls with wisdom talk
Along life’s dullest, dreariest walk.”

Alas! there are those who understand the meaning of life’s “dullest, dreariest walk,” those who labour persistently and nobly for beloved, yet erring friends, fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, without any apparent appreciation or success, and who are often ready to say, ‘tis all in vain; my life and its work is wasted. This must be very hard to endure, but remember that this work is higher than any other—‘tis Christlike, Godlike! As long as your patience and tenderness hold them, they cannot fall utterly, ever from you; you are as a link between them and God, while with one hand you clasp theirs, and with the other

Take hold on His, who is able and will
 by and by, when patience has had its
 perfect work, raise you all together into
 the clear regions of purity and peace!
 Shall not yours a narrow sphere; it is
 the portion the Master has given you
 of his own work, and wide enough until
 it is accomplished. And every good
 deed done for such as these is preach-
 ing that gospel of salvation—the “good
 tidings” which shall be unto all, even
 the chief of sinners—in deed and in
 truth. Such women are specially
 honoured of God in their mission;
 may He help them all to be faithful
 unto the end!

The worst mistake we can make is to
 work for the wrong or in favour of
 evil; the next to be idle and waste the
 life given to us. But if we are where
 we find enough to do of labour that
 will help and bless others, we cannot
 be far out of the way or out of our true
 place. True, it is natural for us to
 feel sometimes that we might do more
 in some other position, and we are
 unable to get out of our proper sphere.
 But, as a test, let us ask whether in
 this other pathway we could bless
 others more, or only ourselves; if it be
 but a selfish ambition, let us say with
 Miss Ingelow's student, “Let my lost
 pathway go!” and crush out the false
 ambition.

‘What though unmarked the happy
 workman toil,
 And break, unthanked of man, the stub-
 born sod?
 It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
 Dear are the hills of God!’

So over and over, and ever, let the
 work go on; the earth must turn con-
 stantly upon its axis that day and night
 may repeat their blessing to us, and roll
 around the sun every year that the
 seasons may fill their mission of bless-
 ing and bounty; and Nature and even
 the God of Nature through His laws—
 as far as we can see—is content to
 work over and over for the same
 blessed results.

“Pause not to dream of the future before
 us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that
 come o'er us!
 Hark, how Creation's deep, musical
 chorus,

Unintermitting goes up to Heaven.

Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps
 glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is
 riven.”

MRS. H. G. PERRY.

KIND WORDS--WHY USE THEM?

1. BECAUSE they always cheer him
 to whom they are addressed. They
 soothe him if he is wretched; they
 comfort him if he is sad. They keep
 him out of the slough of despond, or
 help him out if he happens to be in.

2. There are words enough of the
 opposite kind flying in all directions—
 sour words, cross words, fretful words,
 insulting words, overbearing words,
 irritating words. Now, let kind words
 have a chance to get abroad, since so
 many and so different are on the wing.

3. Kind words bless him that uses
 them. A sweet sound on the tongue
 tends to make the heart mellow. Kind
 words react upon the kind feelings
 which prompted them, and make them
 more kind. They add fresh fuel to
 the fire of benevolent emotion in the
 soul.

THE MAN OF INDEPENDENT MIND.

THOUGH all the world should stare and
 talk,

I care not for their babbling din;
 I'll hoe my turnips, black my shoes,
 And calmly bring my firewood in.

What is't to me, if Lord Fitz-Snob
 Should stop to stare in passing by?
 Or neighbour Boodels sneer, to see
 How I forget my dignity?

I'm poor, and well I know the fact;
 And since I'll cheat no living man,
 I work to earn the cash I get,
 And strive to save it as I can.

Who cares for that old Tory Jones?
 Not I, and if he likes to say—
 I'm a confounded Radical
 Because for poor men's weal I pray,

Why let him, it is naught to me;
 I said before, and say so still,
 Our nobles' good is not advanced,
 Because they use the peasants ill.

I'll take the course I hold the best,
 Regardless what the meddlers say;
 And, Reader, if you wish to live
 Useful and happy, try my way.

E. B. K.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

LIFE IN LONDON.—Sign in an obscure London shop-window: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR.—A correspondent writes:—"If the adage, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' were generally carried out, it strikes us that some people we know would be dreadfully fond of their neighbours."

ANCIENT AND FISHLIKE.—Some time back the play of "Hamlet" was being performed at a provincial theatre. In a scene with Polonius the crafty old courtier asks, "Do you know me, my lord?" and the Prince responds, "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger." On hearing this an old woman in the pit stood up and shouted excitedly, "Well, and s'posin' he is—that's better than play-acting any day!"

POST-OFFICE REVELATION.—Carlyle is not far wrong when he says (as he does say somewhere), "the population of the United Kingdom consists of so many millions, mostly fools!" Fancy four million four hundred thousand letters received in one year at the Returned Letter Office! Fancy 20,000 letters posted without any address? One of the 20,000 containing £2000 in bank notes. But besides being forgetful, it seems that folks are dishonest: for in six months more than 14,000 newspapers were found to have 'enclosures liable to the letter-rate of postage' secreted in them."

SMALL COURTESIES.—Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance:—"A local doctor of medicine at Bath has had a legacy of £4000 and a comfortable house left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage. A gentleman once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from London Mansion-house to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid-day, when the City is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays, and other ponderous vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend, and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of £1000 and a gold watch and chain had been left to him by a gentleman, who "took the opportunity of again thanking him for an act of unlooked-for-civility."

THE TEXT.—A little boy, on returning home from church, was asked by his mother to give the text. After a thoughtful pause, the little fellow replied:—"I don't hardly remember, but it was something about a hawk between two pigeons." The text was, "Why halt ye between two opinions?"

A LAWYER'S STORY.—An opulent farmer applied to an attorney about a lawsuit; but was told he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side. At the same time he gave him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend. The farmer, out of curiosity, opened it and read as follows:—

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together.

If you'll fleece one I'll fleece the other. And make 'em agree like brother and brother."

There was no lawsuit after that.

THE STONECUTTER.—The Japanese have a curious legend of a stonecutter who became discontented with his lot in life. He first expressed the very common wish, "O that I were rich!" This being granted by the god, he next wished to become a king, so that he might have power. In this station he still found a source of discontent; so after many changes, he wished to become a rock, which even the floods could not move: this being granted, he for a time enjoyed his newly-acquired power, for neither the burning sun, rushing wind, nor roaring flood had power to move him. But one day a man with a sharp chisel and heavy hammer came along, and began to cut stones out of the rock, and the rock said, "What is this, that the man has power over me, and can cut stones out of my bosom? I am weaker than he; I should like to be that man!" And there came an angel out of Heaven who said, "Be this as you have said," and the rock became a stonecutter and he cut stones with hard labour for small wages, and was contented.

The following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies	3	6
3 "	4	6
5 "	6	0

Twelve copies and upwards at 1d. per copy, post free, when ordered direct from Mr. Spears.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.